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FAMOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

The Friday Morning

PANIC

NO. 3 SEPT 2⁵⁰

3⁴⁵
CANADA

THIS IS NO
MAGAZINE! THIS IS

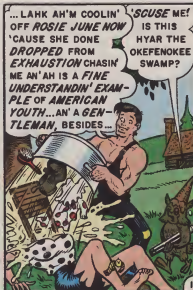
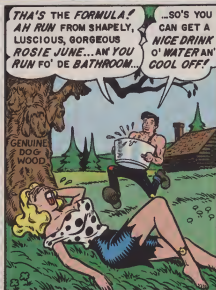
HUMOR IN A
VARICOSE VEIN



ENVIALE COMIC STRIP CHARACTER DEPT. (YOU WISH YOU WERE HIM FOR JUST THIRTY MINUTES, THE IDIOT! DIVISION): DO YOU READ THIS ONE, KIDDIES...THE COMIC STRIP ABOUT SIMPLE MOUNTAIN FOLK WHERE ALL O' THE MEN FOLK IS DIRTY, FILTHY, UGLY VARMINTS...CEPT ONE...OUR HERO! AND ALL O' THE WOMEN-FOLK IS LUSCIOUS, SHAPELY, GORGEOUS CHICKS...CEPT ONE...OUR HERO'S MOTHER? WELL, GET READY TO TEAR OUT YOUR HAIR IN DROOLIN' FRUSTRATION, BOYS, 'CAUSE HERE COMES OUR HERO NOW, RUNNIN' LIKE MAD. (PLUS) IT'S SOPHIE EAGLE'S DAY IN CATBUT, U.S.A. AND THE MOS' LUSCIOUS, MOS' SHAPELY, MOS' GORGEOUS CHICK IN CATBUT, ROSIE JUNE, IS CHASIN' HIM. AN' YUH KNOW WHAT? THIS CREEP WON'T HAVE ANY PART OF HER. THIS CREEP IS A REAL □! THIS CREEP RUNS BY NAME O'...

LI'L MELVIN

by Bill (al Hatt) Elder.



...LAHK AH'M COOLIN' OFF ROSIE JUNE NOW 'CAUSE SHE DONE DROPPED FROM EXHAUSTION CHASIN' ME AN' AH IS A FINE UNDERSTANDIN' EXAMPLE OF AMERICAN YOUTH...AN' A GEN-TLEMAN, BESIDES... 'SCUSE ME! IS THIS HYAR THE OKEFENOEKE SWAMP?



SUFFERIN' SNAKES! WHAT FO' YOU DOIN' IN MAH COMIC STRIP? THERE HAIN'T NO FUNNY LIL' TAWKIN' ANIMALS IN MAH COMIC STRIP!

DON' GET EXCITED, MAH FREN! DON' START YELLIN'! AH'S GOIN'! AH'S GOIN'! LEAST YUH COULD HAVE TH' COMMON COURTESY O' ANSWERIN' MAH QUEERY!



AH'M A GENTLEMAN, SUH! AH'LL ANSWER YO' QUESTION! **NO! THIS HAIN'T THE OKEFEN-KEE SWAMP! THIS HERE'S CATGUT, U.S.A.!**

FUNNY! AH THANT IT WAS THE OKEFENKEE SWAMP! FOLKS ROUN' HYAR TANK LAHK FOLK DOWN THAR! THEN YOU WOULDN'T KNOW TH' FELLER AH'M LOOKIN' FO'!

MMM-BOY! DO THIS GUY NEED SEN-SEN!



WHO YOU LOOKIN' FO?

WALT KELLY!



GIT BACK IN YER OWN STRIP, YOU DUMB OWL!

TCH...TCH... FOLKS ROUN' HERE IS SHOR' UNHOSPISTI... INHOSPUSTI... IMHOSPUTI... UNFRIENDLY!



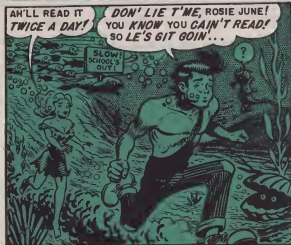
OH, OH! ROSIE JUNE'S COMIN' TO! AH GOTTA BE GETTIN'!

LIL' MELVIN! LIL' MELVIN! PLEASE DON' RUN ANY MO'!



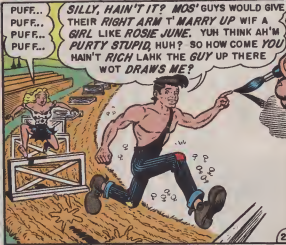
LE'ME MARRY UP WIF YOU, LIL' MELVIN? PLEASE? I'LL WORK FO' YOU! I'LL SLAVE FO' YOU! I'LL KISS YOU EVVY MORIN'... KISS YOU EVVY NIGHT!

WILL YOU READ ME FEARFUL FUZZDICK EVVY DAY?



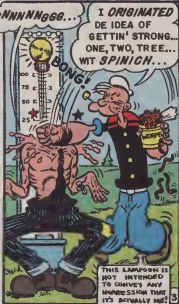
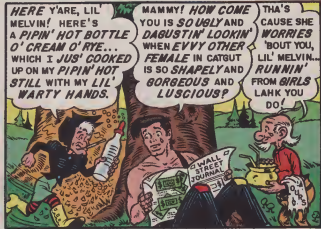
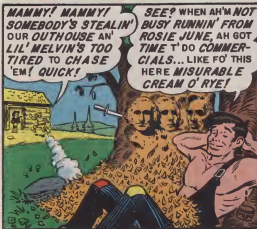
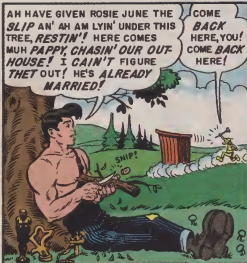
AH'LL READ IT TWICE A DAY!

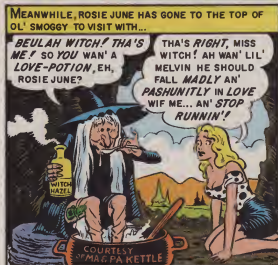
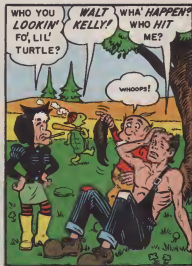
DON' LIE T'ME, ROSIE JUNE! YOU KNOW YOU CAIN'T READ! SO LE'S GIT GOIN'...



PUFF... PUFF... PUFF...

SILLY, HAIN'T IT? MOS' GUYS WOULD GIVE THEIR RIGHT ARM T' MARRY UP WIF A GIRL LIKE ROSIE JUNE. YUH THINK AH'M PURTY STUPID, HUH? SO HOW COME YOU HAIN'T RICH LAHK THE GUY UP THERE WOT DRAWS ME?





THIS LOVE-POTION
WILL MAKE LIL'
MELVIN FALL IN
LOVE WITH THE
FUST GAL HE
LAYS EYES ON,
ROSIE JUNE...

AH'LL PO'
IT IN HIS
CREAM O'
RYE, MISS
WITCH! HE'S
ALWAYS DRINKIN'
THET MISERABLE
SWILL!

THEN, WHEN HE
SEES ME, HE'LL
HUG ME AN'
KISS ME AN'
KISS ME AN'...

LIL' MELVIN?
THAT CREEP?
THAT'LL BE
THE DAY!

THEN THE GUY WOT
DRAWS ALL US SLOBS
KIN SPEND ALL OF HIS
TIME ON TV. PANEL
SHOWS...

THANK YOU,
MISS WITCH!
'BYE...



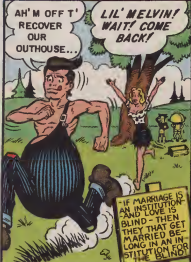
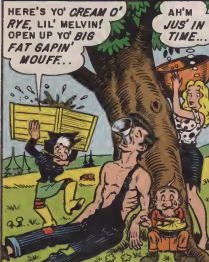
HERE'S YO' CREAM O'
RYE, LIL' MELVIN!
OPEN UP YO' BIG
FAT GAPIN'
MOUFF...

AH'M
JUS' IN
TIME...

GLUKK...
GLUKK...
GLUKK...

AH'M OFF T'
RECOVER
OUR
OUTHOUSE...

LIL' MELVIN!
WAIT! COME
BACK!

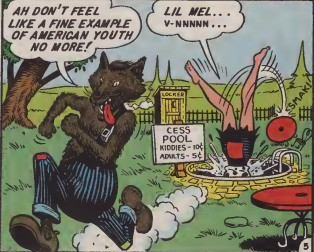
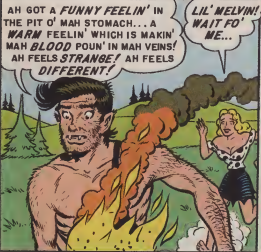


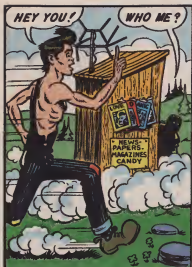
AH GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' IN
THE PIT O' MAH STOMACH... A
WARM FEELIN' WHICH IS MAKIN'
MAH BLOOD POUN' IN MAH VEINS!
AH FEELS STRANGE! AH FEELS
DIFFERENT!

LIL' MELVIN!
WAIT FO'
ME...

AH DON'T FEEL
LIKE A FINE EXAMPLE
OF AMERICAN YOUTH
NO MORE!

LIL' MEL...
V-NNNNN...





HEY YOU!

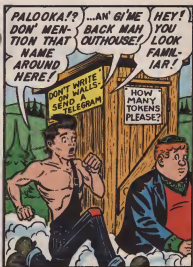
WHO ME?



THA'S MAH OUT-
HOUSE YOU IS
STEALIN'!

KEEP AWAY
FROM ME, YOU
BIG PALDOKA!

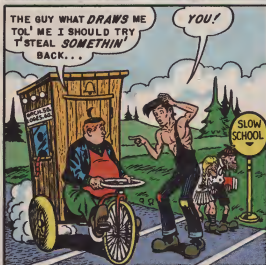
I'M NOT WHO YOU
THINK I AM! I'M
A LAMPOON OF WHO
YOU THINK I AM!



PALDOKA!? ...AN' GI'ME
DON' MENTION THAT
NAME
AROUND
HERE!

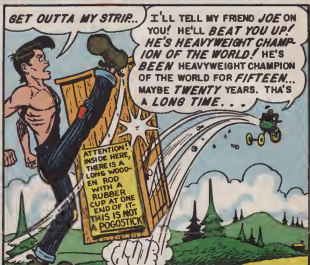
HEY!
YOU LOOK
FAMIL-
IAR!

HOW MANY
TOKENS
PLEASE?



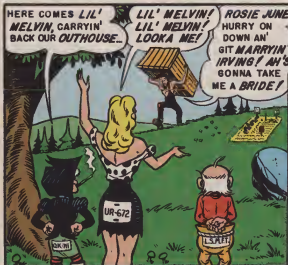
THE GUY WHAT *DRAWS* ME
TOL' ME I SHOULD TRY
T' STEAL *SOMETHIN'*
BACK...

YOU!



GET OUTTA MY STRIP...

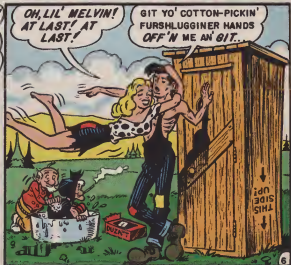
I'LL TELL MY FRENDO JOE ON
YOU! HE'LL BEAT YOU UP!
HE'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP-
ION OF THE WORLD! HE'S
BEEN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION
OF THE WORLD FOR FIFTEEN...
MAYBE TWENTY YEARS. THA'S
A LONG TIME...



HERE COMES LIL'
MELVIN, CARRYIN'
BACK OUR OUTHOUSE...

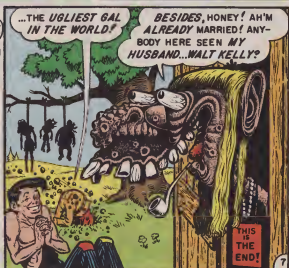
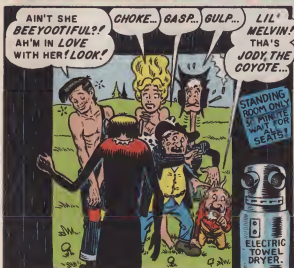
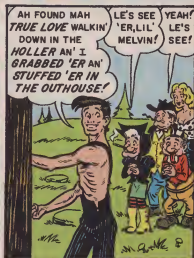
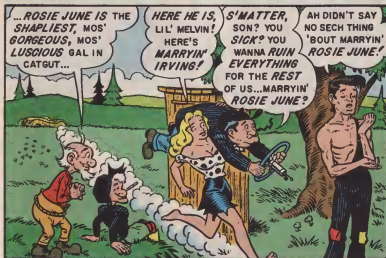
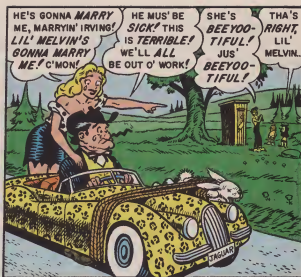
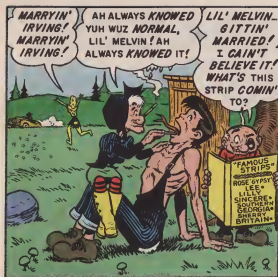
LIL' MELVIN!
LIL' MELVIN!
LOOKA ME!

ROSIE JUNE!
HURRY ON
DOWN AN'
GIT MARRYIN'
IRVING! AH'S
GONNA TAKE
ME A BRIDE!



OH, LIL' MELVIN!
AT LAST! AT
LAST!

GIT YO' COTTON-PICKIN'
FURSHLUIGINER HANDS
OFF'N ME AN' GIT...



AS A PUBLIC SERVICE, PANIC MAGAZINE PRESENTS HERE THE REPORT OF 'THE COMMITTEE ON PROTECTING THE SOFT MINDS OF OUR LITTLE MONSTERS', A SUBDIVISION OF 'THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF GRANKS CRITICIZING THE COMICS', WHICH INVESTIGATED AND ANALYZED THE PRECEEDING LAMPOONING STRIP, 'LIL' MELVIN'. HERE ARE THEIR FINDINGS...

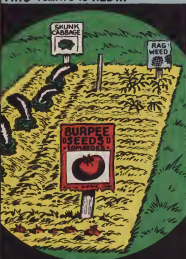
'LIL' MELVIN.. A THREAT TO AMERICA!

THIS COMMITTEE SCANNED THE CARTOON STORY, 'LIL' MELVIN'. WE FOUND IT REPLETE WITH *SUBTLE INNUENDOS*, BOTH WRITTEN AND VISUAL, WHICH OBVIOUSLY WERE INTENDED TO *CONTAMINATE* THE MINDS OF OUR CHILDREN AND *SNAW* AT THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF OUR DEMOCRACY. TAKE FOR EXAMPLE *PANEL 7, PAGE 3*. BELOW IS AN *ENLARGEMENT* OF THE AREA OF THE PANEL IN QUESTION. NOTE THE *FINE DECORATIVE LINES*. UPON *CAREFUL* EXAMINATION, ONE CAN SEE THAT THEY FORM A *MAP OF CUBA*...



THIS...IS HIDDEN GEOGRAPHY!

PANEL 6, PAGE 6! ONE FINDS, UNDER A *HIGH-POWERED* MICROSCOPE, THAT THE *BURPEE SEED ENVELOPE* TACKLED TO THE STAKE IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN CONTAINS A PICTURE OF A *RIPE TOMATO*. THIS TOMATO IS *RED*...



TCH! TCH! *RED!* SUCH A *COLOR!*

NOW TURN TO *PAGE 4, PANEL 6*! BY PLACING THE AREA IN QUESTION UNDER A *MAGNIFYING GLASS*, ONE CAN MAKE OUT *TWO FINELY DETAILED* DRAWINGS OF *OLD TIME VICTROLAS*...



THESE... ARE *PHONOGRAPHIC PICTURES!*

AN *ELECTRON MICROSCOPE* UNCOVERS THE STARTLING FACT THAT *MARRYIN' IRVING*, IN *PANEL 2, PAGE 7*, HAS A *MINIATURE CANDID CAMERA* HIDDEN IN HIS LAPEL...



THIS... IS *HIDDEN PHOTOGRAPHY*...

IN THE DISTANT BACKGROUND OF *PANEL 4, PAGE 5*, A *LOW-POWERED MICROSCOPE* REVEALS A DRAWING OF A *COW* IN THE PASTURE. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY *LIL' MELVIN'S MOTHER'S COW*. MAMMY'S COW... MA'S COW...



MOSCOW IS THE *CAPITOL OF RUSSIA*. THIS... IS *COMMUNIST PROPOGANDA!*

'LIL' MELVIN' IS THEREFORE *CON-DEMNNED* BY THIS SUB-COMMITTEE AS BEING *UN-AMERICAN*, *UNFIT* FOR CHILDREN, AND A *SHOCKING* EXAMPLE OF WHAT THE AMERICAN PUBLIC IS BEING *FED* BY *VICIOUS, PROFIT-GRABBING PUBLISHERS*. THE FOLLOWING IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COMMITTEE *STUDYING* THE MATERIAL...

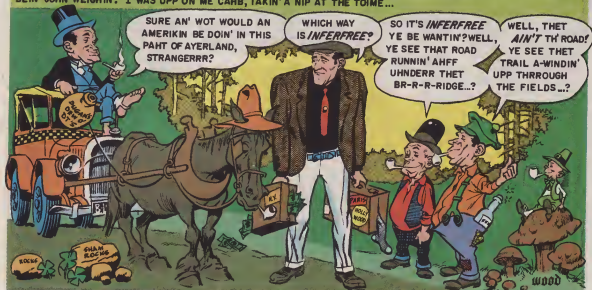


SO WE ENJOYED IT! SO *SUE* US! 8

REALISTIC, PHOTOGRAPHED-ON-THE-SPOT, DIALECT-AND-ALL MOVIES DEPT. (TECHNICOLOR, MOSTLY GREEN, CAUSE IT'S ABOUT THE IRISH! DIVISION): REMEMBER "AFRICAN SCREAM"? THEY WENT TO AFRICA TO MAKE THAT ONE. REMEMBER "QUO VITALIS"? THEY TRAVELLED RIGHT TO ROME TO SHOOT THAT MESS. AND THEN THERE WAS "DESTINATION MOON"! WELL, COUPLE YEARS AGO, SOME BRIGHT PRODUCER ROUNDED UP ALL THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN HOLLYWOOD THAT SPOKE WITH A BROGUE AND SHIPPED 'EM OFF TO IRELAND... FED 'EM MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER, GARNISHED WITH OVERALLS... PAID THEM OFF WITH POTATO JOY-JUICE... AND CAME UP WITH THIS BRAWL. SO, SURE AN' GIT READY TO STICK OUT YERR CHIN, STRETCH YERR LIPS INTO A LEERING SMILE, AND READ THE HEART-WAR-R-R-MIN, SHILLELAGH SLINGIN', FOIN BROTH OF A FILM CAHLED...

THE QUITE-A-MAN!

TOP O' TH' MARNIN' T' YE! ME NOIME IS BERRY FITSGERRY. O'IM THE CAHB DRIVER BOOKIE, AND SHAUGRAUN... WHICH IS THE MATCH-MAKER ORR MARRIAGE BROKERRR... CUMINLY KNOWN AS THE SHADCHEN FERR THE LITTLE AYRISH TOWN OF INFERFREE. IT TALL STAHTRED WHEN THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN FRUM DUBLIN FOINALLY PULLED INTA CASTLEROOK STAYSHUN NOIN HOURS LAYTE (WHICH IS GOOD TOIME FOR THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN) AND HIMSELF GOT AHFF... HIMSELF BEIN' JOHN WEIGHIN. I WAS UPP ON ME CAHB, TAKIN' A NIP AT THE TOIME...



SURE AN' WOT WOULD AN AMERIKIN BE DOIN' IN THIS PAHT OF AYERLAND, STRANGERRR?

WHICH WAY IS INFERFREE?

SO IT'S INFERFREE YE BE WANTIN'? WELL, YE SEE THAT ROAD RUNNIN' AHFF UHNDERR THET BR-R-R-RIDGE...?

WELL, THET AIN'T TH' ROAD! YE SEE THET TRAIL A-WINDIN' UPP THROUGH THE FIELDS...?

DON' LISTEN T' 'IM, STRANGER! NOW, YE SEE THAT PATH-WAY...?

MELVIN O'ROURKE! YERR CRAZY! GENTLE-MEN! STRANGER, YE SEE THAT BOARD-WALK...?

GENTLE-MEN! GENTLE-MEN!

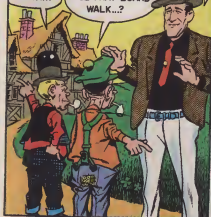
YE SEE THET... EH? WHO YE CALLIN' A GENTLEMAN?

STRANGER! YERR IN AYERLAND! THIRR AIN'T NO GENTLEMEN INFERFREE!

INFERFREE! ALL I WANT TO DO IS GET TO GENTLEMEN INFERFREE!

YE SEE THET...? NO! YE SEE THET...? BLAST YE, O'HENRY! LEFTHANDED, IS IT?

NO! YE SEE THET...? BLAST YE, O'ROURKE! YERR MOTHER IS LEFTHANDED! A FIGHT, IS IT?





LOOK! ALL I WANT IS **INFERFREE!**

THIS IS **OUR FIGHT, STRANGER!**

IF YE WANT IN, YE'LL HAVE TO **PAY! NOBODY** GITS INTO A GOOD AYRISH BRAWL FER **FREE!**

SO, SEEIN' ME OPPORTUNITY, OI CLIMBS AAFF ME CAHB AN' TAKKES THE STRANGER'S BAGHS...

HEY, YOU! COME BACK HERE WITH THOSE...

SHURR AN' O'M ASKIN' YE **NICELY** NOW. IFN' YE BE WANTIN' T' GIT TO **INFER-FREE...**

...KINDLY BE TAHKIN' YERR FERSHLIGGINERRR HANDS AHFFA ME AN' CLOIMB UP IN ME CAHB WHICH IS FER HIRE...

ON TH' WAY T' **INFERFREE**, THE STRANGER SPIES TH' LOVELY COL-LEEN, MARY KIN O'HURA, TENDIN' HER BRITHER'S HERD...

WOW! WEE! VA-VA-VA-VOOM! STOP THE CAB, FITZGERRY!

IF YE BE TAHKIN' AN' OL' MAN'S ADVICE, MR. WEIGHIN, YE'LL BE MIGHTY CAREFUL.

LOOK AT HER **SOFT BROWN EYES**, FITZGERRY... HER **SHAPELY LEGS...** HER **FULL BODY**. DID YOU EVER, IN ALL YOUR LIFE, SEE SUCH A HUNK OF **MEAT LIKE HER?**

HER **BRITHER'S** GOT HIMSELF AN **AWFUL TIMPER**, MR. WEIGHIN... AN' IF HE SEES YE AS MICH AS **LOOKIN' AT MARY KIN...**

WHAT **MARY KIN?** I'M LOOKIN' AT THAT **BROWN AND WHITE COW!** MAN! WHAT **STEAKS** SHE'D MAKE!

SHURR AN' YERR **AYRISH**, AIN'T YE, MR. WEIGHIN?



AN' THIN WE CUM T' **HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN'**, THE COTTAGE WHAT'S BEEN STANDIN' IMPTY FER NEARLY THIRTY YEERRRS...

SO **THAT'S IT**, EH, FITZGERRY? **THAT'S** THE PLACE WHERE I WAS **BORN?** THAT'S THE PLACE I TRAVELLED **FIVE THOUSAND MILES** TO **BUY AND SETTLE DOWN IN?**

SHURR IS A **FERSH-LIGGINERRR DUMP**, EH? WELL, NOBODY **AHSKED** YUH T' COME! NOBODY TWISTED YERR **ARM**. NOBODY...



LOOK, CRUMB, IF I DON'T COME... IF I DON'T WANT TO **BUY** THE PLACE... IF I DON'T WANT TO **SETTLE DOWN**... THERE **AIN'T NO PICTURE!** SO LET'S GET ON WITH IT! WHO OWNS THE HOVEL NOW?

THE **WIDDER NITWIT!** **MIL-DRED NITWIT!** AN' **RED WILL KIN O'HURA**, MARY'S BRITHER, 'AS BEEN **AFTER** THEAT PLACE FOR **THIRTY YEARS** NOW. SO, IF YE GIT **HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN'**, HE GITS **MAD**, AND... WELL, LET'S **FACE IT!** THIS IS THE **FERSH-LIGGINERRR PLOT!**



SO THETS HOW JOHN WEIGHIN CUM T' *INFERFREE*. AN' IT WUZ TH' VERRY NIXT DAY THET HE PAID THE WIDDER NITWIT A CALL ...

WHAT? SELL HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN'? NIVERR, MR. WEIGHIN! NIVERR! ER...SO, HOW MUCH YOU WILLIN' T' PAY?

SIX HUNDRED, IT SIX MRS. FIFTY... NITWIT!



IT WUZ BIG RED WILL KIN O'HURA...

ONE THOUSAND, MRS. NITWIT!

ONE THOUSAND! WHY IT AIN'T WORTH ONE THOUSAND! IT AIN'T WORTH SIX FIFTY!

SORE LOSER! SOLD TO MR. WEIGHIN FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!



RED WILL WUS SHURR MAD AT LOSIN' HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN'. HE GUT SO MAD, HE SHAHRTED LOOKIN' LIKE VICTOR M'GLAGGLEN...

HOKAY, YANK! YE WIN THIS TOIME! BIT, STAY AWAY FROM ME SISTER, KATE, OR OI'LL WIPE UPP THE FLOOR WI' YE!

WHY? BYZE! THIS FLOOR DON'T LOOK DIRTY!



SHAHKE HANDS, IS IT? HEH, HEH! HOKAY! OI'M WILLIN'!

ME, TOO! PUT 'ER THERE, RED WILL!



NNNN999! NNNN66...



UHHHHH! MMMMM!



ORDER YOUR HANDY-DANDY PALM BUZZER TODAY! SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS!

LE'ME HAVE IT, YANK! LE'ME HAVE IT!



UH-UH! NOT UNLESS YOU GIVE ME SOMETHIN' IN RETURN!

WHAT I COULDN'T DO WITH A HANDY-DANDY PALM BUZZER! HOKAY, YANK! HIT'S A DEAL!



YOU KIN MARRY MARY KIN. NOW, HAND IT OVER!

SEE? THIS ELIMINATES AT LEAST THREE PAGES OF HORSE RACING AND WE CAN GET ON WITH THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT!



THE WIDDIN' WUZ HILD AND EVVY-BODDY IN *INFERFREE* GOT IN FER FREE. AFTA THE CEREMONY, BIG RED WILL CUM IN LOOKIN' REAL MAD...

THE *SPRING BROHKE!* TOO BAD, I WUZ SHAKKIN' HANDS WITH AHLL THE GISTS AN' THE *SPRING BROHKE!* CAN'T GO BACK ON YOUR WORD NOW! ME AND MARY KIN IS **ALREADY MARRIED!**



CLEVER, AIN'T YUH? WELL, I DIDN'T SAY NUTHIN' ABOUT HER DOWERY. YOU GUT HER, YANK! BUT YOU AIN'T GITTIN' HER DOWERY!

ME DOWERY!! BUT YE GUTTER GI' ME ME DOWERY! JOHN WEIGHIN! YOU MAKE 'IM GI' ME ME DOWERY!

FORGET ABOUT IT, MARY KIN!



FORGET ABOUT IT? FORGET ABOUT ME DOWERY? FORGET ABOUT ALL THESE LOVELY THINGS I'LL BE NEEDIN' IN ME NEW HOME? THESE LOVELY THINGS I KEPT COVERED EVER SINCE THE WAR! NIVVERR!

BUT, WHAT COULD BE SO IMPOR-TANT? WHAT IS YOUR DOWERY, MARY KIN?



THIS VARIABLE PITCH PROPELLER I GOT OFF AN AMERICAN PILOT...



...THIS M-1 FIELD KITCHEN COMPLETE WITH MESS KITS I STOLE FROM A BIVOUAC AREA...



...THIS SLIGHTLY BENT BAZZOOKA... THIS MANUAL ON HOW TO DIG A SLIT TRENCH...



...THIS GOOD - CONDUCT MEDAL... THIS HALF-EATEN HERSHEY WITH ALMONDS...



...AN' ME FORTUNE! SEVENTY-SIX DOLLARS I WON PLAYIN' CRAPS WITH THE BOYS!



YE SEE, WEIGHIN! YOU AIN'T THE FIRST YANK THAT'S BEEN HERE. THERE WAS AN AIRFIELD...



YE KIN TAHK THE JUNK! OI'N KEEPIN' TH' FORTUNE!



LET'S GO, MARY KIN! A COW-ARD, THAT'S WHAT I MARRIED! A COWARD!



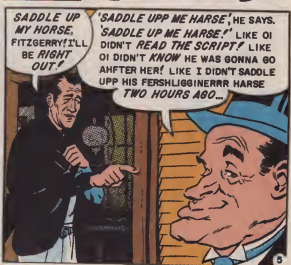
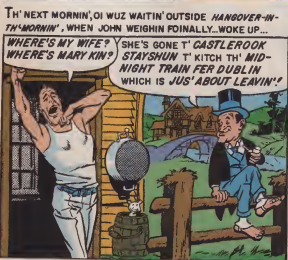
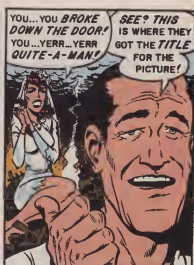
WHIN MARY KIN AN' JOHN WEIGHIN GUT T' HANGOVER-IN- THE MORNIN', MARY RUN INTO THE BIDROOM AN' LOCKED TH' DOOR...

...AN' YOU KIN SLEEP OUT IN THE LIVIN' RUM TILL YE GIT ME ME FORTUNE, JOHN WEIGHIN!



MARY KIN YOU OPEN THIS DOOR. THIS IS OUR WEDDIN' NIGHT. I CAN'T SLEEP IN THE LIVIN' ROOM ON OUR WEDDIN' NIGHT. OPEN THIS DOOR OR I'LL BUST IT DOWN!





OH-OH!
SHURR
AN' THIS
MEANS
TROUBLE!

TAPE
UP
THE
WIN-
DOWS!

SHURR
AN'
THERE'S
GONNA
BE A
FIGHT!

OWWW!
HEY,JOHN,
TAKE IT
EASY!
THESE'RE
COBBLE-
STONES!

YOU OWE ME SEVENTY-SIX DOLLARS, RED WILL!

NOW, ISN'T THAT A FERSHLIGG- INERRR SHAME YANK? WELL, I AIN'T PAYIN'!

THUD!

YERR THROUGH
BEAT TO A
Y PULP BY ME
THER!

SHURR AN' IT
LOOKS LIKK IT'S
GONNA BE AN OL'
FASHIONED MORTON
DONNYBROOK!

OI LOST
ME HEAD!
HERE,
YANK!
TAHKE
YERR
MUNEE!

I'LL BE
HOME
WARMIN'
UP YERR
SUPPER,
JOHN...

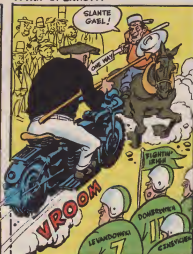
...WITH CLOOBS...

GETCHA
KEERZZZ HOT!



...AN' SPEARS...

GLANTE
GASL!



...AN' SURPLUS TANKS...



THEY WUZ KILLIN' EACH OTHER...

WHEN...

...THE WEE ANIMALS CUM BY...



THE
END

The following interview was conducted outside a large motion picture theater in New York, exclusively for this issue of *Panic*. Your editors were anxious to determine the public's sentiments concerning 3-D movies, one of which was being exhibited at said theater:

Panic Reporter: How do you do, ma'am? I noticed that you just came out of that movie house. What is your name?

Young Lady: Hah? You talkin' t' me?

Pan. Rep.: *Panic* magazine is conducting a poll on the popularity of 3-D movies, ma'am. We'd like to get your reaction.

Young Lady: So how come there are two of you?

Pan. Rep.: I'm alone, ma'am. Don't you feel good, ma'am?

Young Babe: Oh, the pains.

Panic Rep.: Just tryin' t' get the facts, ma'am.

Young Lady: Ain't I seen you two somewhere before?

Panic Rep.: I'm alone, ma'am. Just want the facts, ma'am.

Young Lady: Ain't I heard you on the radio?

Panic Rep.: Sorry, ma'am.

Young Lady: Say! Now there's only one of you. Where'd your buddy go?

Panic Rep.: He went in to see the show. What'd you think of it?

Young Lady: What show?

Panic Rep.: The 3-D movie in that theater you just came out of.

Young Lady: Is that what it was? 3-D, eh?

Panic Rep.: That's right, ma'am. Didn't they give you glasses when you went in? Polaroid glasses?

Young Lady: I snuk in, through the exit door down the alley.

Panic Rep.: And you watched the

show without glasses?

Young Lady: Uh-huh.

Panic Rep.: What did you think of it?

Young Lady: Awful photography!

Panic Rep.: Anything else, ma'am?

Young Lady: Terribly miscast.

Panic Rep.: Miscast, ma'am?

Young Lady: Who'd fall in love with a girl that's got two heads?

Panic Rep.: Yes, ma'am.

Young Lady: Come to think of it, the hero had two heads, too!

Panic Rep.: Just tryin' t' get the facts, ma'am.

Young Lady: You sure I ain't seen you on T.V.?

Panic Rep.: What do you think is the future of 3-D movies, ma'am?

Young Lady: Nuthin'!

Panic Rep.: Nothing, ma'am?

Young Lady: Who's gonna pay good money t' watch two headed people makin' love?

Panic Rep.: May I have your name, ma'am?

Young Lady: Pearl!

Panic Rep.: Pearl what?

Young Lady: Pearl Pearlmutter!

Panic Rep.: Pearl Pearlmutter! What an interesting name!

Young Lady: My mother stuttered.

Panic Rep.: I see.

Young Lady: She married her cousin.

Panic Rep.: Yes, ma'am.

Young Lady: Oh, your friend's back. Well, I have to run. I'm due back at the Home.

Panic Rep.: The Home, ma'am?

Young Lady: Don't be so nosey.

Panic Rep.: Just tryin' t' get the facts, ma'am.

Young Lady: Hmmmm. I'd swear I saw you two on T.V. Say! Now there's three of you. I know! You're Kukla, Fran and Ollie. Oh, those pains. Well. 'Bye, now.

LUDICROUS LITERATURE DEPT. (CHILDREN'S POETRY DIVISION): REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A KID? REMEMBER THE MISERABLE BIRTHDAY PARTIES YOUR OLD LADY DRAGGED YOU TO... WHEN YOU HAD TO GET UP BEFORE A BUNCH OF GIGGLING BRATS AND BEAMING PARENTS AND *REGITE*? REMEMBER THE STUPID SUBJECT MATTER OF THOSE POEMS? WELL, YOUR *PANICKY EDITORS* REMEMBER! AND HERE'S THEIR *REVENGE!* **PANIC MAGAZINE PRESENTS MODERNIZED VERSIONS OF...**

MOTHER GOON'S NERTZERY RHYMES

OLD KING COLE WAS A MERRY
OLD SOUL
AND A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE...



HE CALLED FOR HIS PIPE,
AND HE CALLED FOR HIS BOWL...



...AND HE "TOOK" ON HIS SHOT OF
"T"!
I'M FLYIN'!



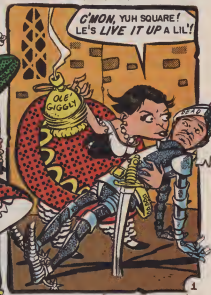
THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL
AND SHE WORE A LITTLE CURL
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HER FORE-
HEAD...



WHEN SHE WAS GOOD,
SHE WAS VERY, VERY GOOD...



BUT WHEN SHE WAS BAD...
SHE WAS TERRIFIC!



REMEMBER *THIS* SICKENING LITTLE SAMPLE...?



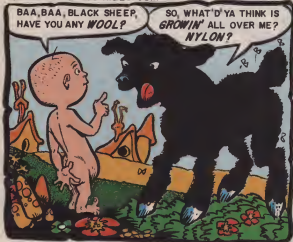
...OR THIS ONE?...



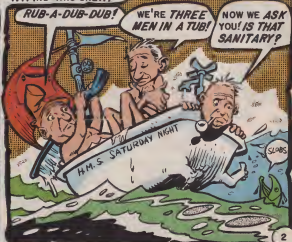
How about...



THIS ONE ALWAYS RILED US...



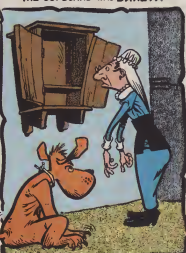
...AND THIS ONE...



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
WENT TO THE CUPBOARD,
TO GET HER STARVED DOG A BONE...

BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE
THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE...

SO THE MUTT ATE UP THE OLD
CRONE!



LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A
CORNER,
EATING HIS CHRISTMAS PIE...

HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB,
AND PULLED OUT A PLUM...

AND SAID...

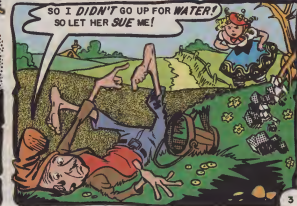
ANYBODY WHAT EATS WITH HIS
HANDS IS A SLOB...LIKE I!



JACK AND JILL
WENT UP THE HILL
TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER...

JACK CAME DOWN
WITH A BUSTED CROWN...

SO I DIDN'T GO UP FOR WATER!
SO LET HER SUE ME!



LITTLE MISS MUFFET
SAT ON A **TUFFET**,
EATING HER **CURDS** AND **WHEY**...



SO THIS IS
A TUFFET?

WHEN ALONG CAME A **TIGER**,
AND SAT DOWN **BESIDE** HER...



AND SAID...

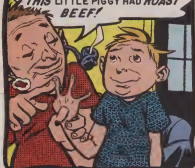
KIN YOU TELL
ME WHERE T'FIND
A GUY NAMED **WALT**
KELLY?



SHE NO
SPEEK THE
IRISH!

HOW ABOUT **THIS** ONE? REMEMBER
WHEN YOUR OLD MAN USED TO HOLD
YOU ON HIS KNEE... AND TAKE YOUR
PUDDY LITTLE HAND IN HIS... AND
RECITE...

THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO MARKET!
THIS LITTLE PIGGY STAYED HOME!
THIS LITTLE PIGGY HAD ROAST
BEEF!



THIS LITTLE PIGGY HAD **NONE!**
THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT
'WEE, WEE, WEE,' ALL THE
WAY HOME...



...AND **THIS** LITTLE PIGGY...
...CHOKE...



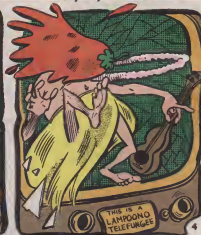
LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER
SINGS FOR HIS SUPPER...



HIS FAVORITE FOOD, YOU KNOW...



IS A NICE, FAT, RIPE TOMATO...



THIS IS A
LAMPPOON
TELEFUNKEE

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE...
AND A FIFTH OF BOTTLED RYE...

HMMMM!



THE CHEF GOT DRUNK BEFORE
DINNER...
AND BAKED TWENTY-FOUR BIRDS
IN A PIE...

DUM...DA...DUM...DUM...HIGG...



WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED...
THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING...

SHWE-E-E-E-T
A-A-DOH-L-I-I-INE!

MAN, WHAT A
CRAZY DISH...
TO SET BEFORE
A KING!



ONE THING I CAN'T
STAND. QUARTETS!

HUMPTY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL...



NOW THAT'S WHAT
I CALLS A ROUND
SQUARE!

HUMPTY-DUMPTY HAD A GREAT
FALL...



EGADS!

EH! I KNEWED
IT ALL ALONG.

ALL THE KING'S MORONS
AND ALL THE KING'S DREGS,
FOR SUPPER THAT NIGHT, HAD...

SCRAMBLED EGGS!



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB...
ITS FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW...



SHE TOOK IT TO THE LAMB'S
CLUB...



WHAT D'YA MEAN...
ONLY ACTORS?
IT SAYS...

AND THEY TOLD HER WHERE TO GO!



@@x\$?!!

TCH, TCH! SUCH
LANGUAGE! COME,
SNOOKUMS! THIS
IS NO PLACE
FOR US!

PETER, PETER, PIZZA-EATER
HAD A WIFE, BUT COULDN'T KEEP
'ER. . .



SHE LIKED MINKS AND JEWELRY SO.



WHAT D'YA MEAN...
ONLY SEVEN THOU-
SAND DOLLARS.

HE FINALLY TOLD HER WHERE TO GO.



@* *??!

TCH, TCH! SUCH
LANGUAGE!
COME, SNOOKUMS!
THIS IS NO PLACE
FOR US!

WE GO
SEE
GOMPHREY
EN!

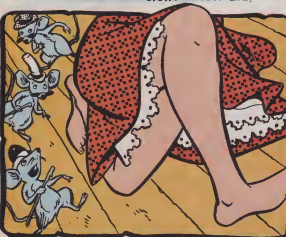
THREE BLIND MICE...
THREE BLIND MICE...



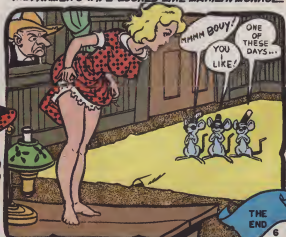
SEE HOW THEY RUN...
SEE HOW THEY RUN...



THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S WIFE
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A SIGHT IN YOUR LIFE?



THESE MICE REALLY WEREN'T SO BLIND, YOU KNOW...
THE FARMER'S WIFE LOOKED LIKE MARILYN MONROE.



MINN BOUY!
YOU LIKE!

ONE
OF
THESE
DAYS...

THE
END

OR

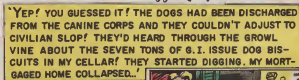
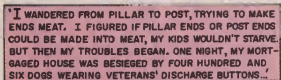
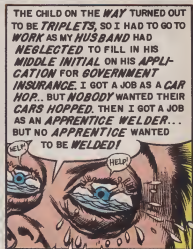
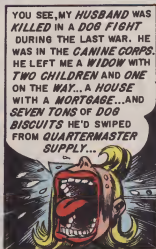
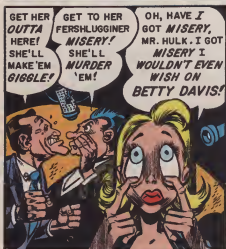
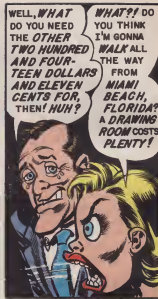
LAMPOON ON HOW
SOME EDITORS SIGN
THEIR NAMES....

SLOPPY SENTIMENTALISM DEPT. (TELL TEN MILLION PEOPLE YOUR MISERY AND COLLECT! DIVISION): HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MASS MEDIA PRODUCTION! YOU GET *THIS* ONE SLUNG AT YOU *FIVE MORNING'S A WEEK* IF YOU'RE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND YOURSELF IN FRONT OF A *T.V. SET* DURING THE DAY (LIKE *MOST BUSY HOUSEWIVES*), AND *ONE EVENING A WEEK, TOO...* ON BOTH T.V. AND RADIO, SO YOU *CAN'T ESCAPE!* YOU'VE GOT TO *SIT AND WATCH AND LISTEN AND RETCH AS WORRYIN' HULK* INTERVIEWS *PATHETIC PEOPLE* WITH *ALL KINDS TROUBLES* WHO WANT TO...

STRIKE IT RICHLY!

BEFORE '*STRIKE IT RICHLY*' GOES OUT OVER THE AIRWAVES, THE DOORS AND WINDOWS IN THE STUDIO ARE *LOCKED*, AND FIVE BUSY LITTLE *PROP MEN* START CHOPPING *ONIONS* BEFORE *FIVE TREMENDOUS ELECTRIC FANS*, THE *AROMA* OF WHICH, WHEN BLASTED OUT OVER THE MISERY-LOVING MEMBERS OF THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, *REALLY STARTS THINGS BAWLING...*





AT THIS POINT, THEY USUALLY SHIFT THE CAMERAS TO THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, GRIND UP SOME MORE ONIONS, AND WE SEE...

OH...SOB...
SOB...

POOR...
SNIFF...
THING!
SNIFF...

CHOKE...
HEH...
HEH...



SOMEBODY'S LAUGHING OUT THERE! THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER. YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF...LAUGHING!

LET 'IM LAUGH! WAIT'LL HE HEARS THE REST. I AIN'T EVEN STARTED!



YOU MEAN THERE'S MORE MISERY?!

I GOT MISERY I WOULDN'T WISH ON JOAN CRAWFORD. WHERE WAS I? OH YES. MY HOUSE COLLAPSED...



MY HOUSE COLLAPSED...CRUSHING MY TRIPLETS AND MY OLDEST CHILD. PIERRE, MY MIDDLE ONE, WAS LUCKY! HE'D BEEN IN THE GELLAR...POOR THING, HE WAS THAT HUNGRY...MUNCHING ON DOG BISCUITS. THE DOGS ATE HIM UP! I WAS LEFT ALONE IN THE WORLD!



SOMEONE'S LAUGHING OUT THERE! STOP IT! STOP IT! HOW CAN YOU...SOB... LAUGH AT THIS POOR...CHOKE... WOMAN'S MISERY?!

LET 'IM LAUGH! I AIN'T GOT TO WHY I NEED THE NINETY-TWO DOLLARS PLUS TRAIN FARE...



THERE'S MORE HEART-ACHES?!

I GOT HEARTACHES I WOULDN'T WISH ON STELLA DALLAS...



HOLD IT! HOLD IT! STOP EVERYTHING! MY BOSS WANTS TO TELL ME SOMETHING! OKAY, BILL...

WRITE THAT DOWN, AL! THERE'S A SICKENINGLY SENTIMENTAL MESS YOU OUGHT TO LAMPOON! STELLA DALLAS! HEE, HEE! I CAN JUST SEE IT...

THAT LAUGH! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S BEEN LAUGHING! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!



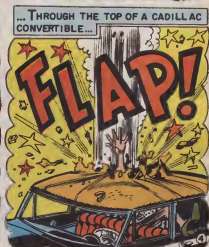
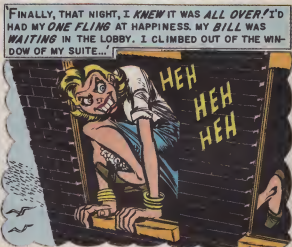
YOU'LL HEAR FROM US!

YEAH! JUST WATCH FOR PANIC MAGAZINE!*

FREE PLUGS YET!



*SEE, FOLKS? THIS IS WHY WE'RE DOING THIS LAMPOON. PURE SPITE!



BY THIS TIME, THE STUDIO SOUNDS LIKE A HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD NURSERY. SUCH **WAILING AND CARRYING ON!**...

HOW WE
DOIN',
MOROSE?

(MORRIS, BLAST
YOU!) WE'RE
DOIN' FINE,
WORRYN! THE
METER READS
100 D.B.'S...

SO THAT'S
WHY I
NEED NINETY-
TWO DOLLARS
PLUS TRAIN
FARE...

SOB...

SOB...

WAAHHH...

BOO
HOO

SNIF

SNIFF E

100 D.B.'s OF
MISERY, EH,
MORRIS? THAT
OUGHT TO BE
GOOD FOR A
BONUS...

...FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS
FOR ONE DAY AT THE ROOK-
YOU PLAZA...AND FORTY-
SEVEN DOLLARS TO
REPLACE THE CONVERTIBLE
TOP!

WHY
ISN'T
HE
GONE?

ALL RIGHT, MRS.
FAFUFNICK! YOU
HAVE **TWENTY**
DOLLARS! HOW
MUCH WILL YOU
RISK?

I'D LIKE
TO TAKE
THE TWENTY
DOLLARS.

GOOD! THAT'S A REAL
SPORT! NOW, FOR FORTY
DOLLARS... "WHO DISCOV-
ERED THE PRINCIPLES
WHEREBY EXPANDING
VAPOROUS WATER
COULD BE HARNESSSED
AND CONVERTED INTO
MECHANICAL POWER?"

WHA...??

CORRECT! JAMES
WATT...THE INVEN-
TOR OF THE STEAM
ENGINE! YOU NOW
HAVE FORTY DOL-
LARS. WHAT DO
YOU SAY?

IF YOU DON'T
MIND I'D LIKE
TO TAKE THE FORTY AND...

FOR EIGHTY DOLLARS...
"WHAT WERE THE
INITIALS OF THE
COMPANY TO WHICH
MR. WATT ASSIGNED
HIS PATENT?"

AY! AY!
AY! SUCH
A QUESTION!

CORRECT! THE INTER-
NATIONAL IRRIGATED
IMPLEMENT CORPORATION!
YOU NOW HAVE EIGHTY
DOLLARS. WHAT DO YOU
SAY? QUICKLY, NOW!

'BYE!

YOU'LL BUY! GOOD!
FOR ONE HUNDRED
AND SIXTY DOLLARS...
"WHAT DID L.G. SAY ON
MAY 2, 1939?"

I'M
THROUGH,
NOW!



ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, MRS. FAFUNICK! THAT WAS THE DAY LOUGHEHRIS SAID GOODBYE TO BASEBALL. YOU'VE WON YOURSELF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DOLLARS. WILL YOU TRY FOR THE TOP MONEY? THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MISERABLE DOLLARS?

I'D LIKE TO, BUT...



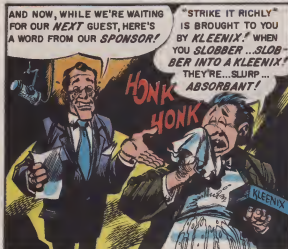
I KNEW YOU WOULD! FOR THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY DOLLARS... "WHAT COLOR WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WHITE HORSE?" SORRY, TIME'S UP! I'M AWFULLY SORRY, MRS. FAFUNICK!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT ANYWAY...



FOLKS! HAVE A HEART! DON'T LET THIS POOR SLOB... COUGH... WOMAN GO AWAY EMPTY HANDED!

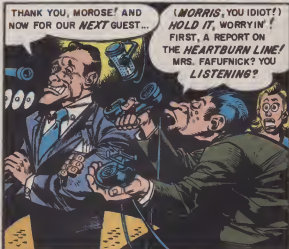
THE TELEPHONE NUMBER IS "MISERY-0-0000"! HELP THIS POOR SOUL OUT! CALL UP ON THE HEARTBURN LINE!



AND NOW, WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR OUR NEXT GUEST, HERE'S A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR!

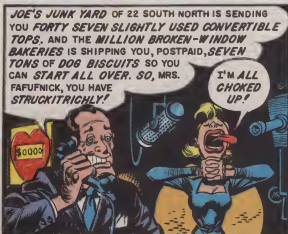
"STRIKE IT RICHLY" IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY KLEENIX! WHEN YOU SLOBBER... SLOBBER INTO A KLEENIX! THEY'RE... SLURP... ABSORBANT!

HONK HONK



THANK YOU, MOROSE! AND NOW FOR OUR NEXT GUEST...

(MORRIS, YOU IDIOT!) HOLD IT, WORRYIN'! FIRST, A REPORT ON THE HEARTBURN LINE! MRS. FAFUNICK? YOU LISTENING?



JOE'S JUNK YARD OF 22 SOUTH NORTH IS SENDING YOU FORTY SEVEN SLIGHTLY USED CONVERTIBLE TOPS. AND THE MILLION BROKEN-WINDOW BAKERIES IS SHIPPING YOU, POSTPAID, SEVEN TONS OF DOG BISCUITS SO YOU CAN START ALL OVER. SO, MRS. FAFUNICK, YOU HAVE STRUCK IT RICHLY!

I'M ALL CHOKED UP!



HERE'S OUR NEXT GUEST, WORRYIN'! MEET ARNOLD MINSTERMISER...

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. MINSTERMISER!

I NEED TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS...

